THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

George R. Graham & Co. Publishers.

S. W. CORNER OF THIRD AND CHESNUT STREETS.

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A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics: Devoted to News, Literature, Science, Morality, Agriculture, and Amusement.

VOLUME XXII. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 9, 1842. WHOLE NO. 1080.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Dying Maiden's Request.

Oh! raise me in your arms, my love, for life is waning fast,
And let me feel upon my lips those sunshiny kisses cast;
Let me inhale your sighs, my love, the early violet breath—
For under the summer's clouds, alone, I feel the chill of death.

You hear me to the window, love, and throw the casement high,
And let me view the soft green fields, the bright and glorious sky
Once more as you run bedding rose, to hear the streamlet's voice,
For spirits with mirth and melody makes my sad heart rejoice.

Do you remember, love, the hours when we were wont to stray
With the green vines clustering roadside, the soft grass beneath our feet;
Where our hearts beat free and boundingly, and we dreamed not that decay
Could snatch the one, to poison then, from all she loved away.

Or, lay me on that bower, love, where my vows first I breathed,
Where the winds may rock about my grave, and gentle flowers bend o'er it;
Where the morning sunbeams shine, through the elm-trees leafy gloom,
And performance's ear may read the spell that dwells in memory's tomb.

Oh! then, when all around, save the babbling streams, is still,
When the breeze hath ceased to stir the leaves and the smoke ascends on the hill—
Will you sometimes steal away, love, from the world and me
To muse awhile on my early fate, and to breathe for me a prayer?

When your spirits were gayest, of the ills and cares of life
And you turn with a loathing heart away, from its dull and joyless strife—
Talk come to the grave of her, whom you loved when life was sweet,
And she will whisper peace to you, in the quiet, lone retreat.

And often in the spring-time, love, around the green turf we used
The lily of the valley, and the early violet!
Then, when the flowers appear, around my grave,
They'll gently bend and shelter it, where the north winds have no power.

Then raise me in your arms, my love, and press me to your heart,
For now I feel within my breast, the tide of life depart;
But I would fain behold the scenes, so dear to me of yore,
For ere I pass away from earth, and be seen and heard no more.

Arcadia Square, Chester Co. HAYES.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Dying Boy.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

Yet while the roses seek the sky,
And while the young may climb,
Let us improve their infancy
In virtue's better time!
No woman's heart be mine!

—Mrs. Hemans.

The spell is darkly woven now
The cruel wreath has twined
Its baneful flowers around my brow—
Their blighting task assigned.
And I must stand entranced, the same
Though round me brightly shine
Each gleaming eye—and lovely frame
Of every maiden's mien.

I linger on the dark bower,
And gaunt Death is the wing,
Weaving for evening's dark hour
Song's bright illusioned,
And lovely maids, with angel-mood of softness,
And praise the lay I weave
For on my heart I feel it cold—
No woman's love is mine.

It is the lighted halls I move,
Where music's notes are sweet
And smiles be radiantly with love
Beauty bounding meet,
Though gladsome smiles I too may win.
Write down the emptiness—
I feel the scorching brand is white—
No woman's heart be mine!

And sweeping over the mounted wave,
If song of mine should rise,
Wake playfully the magic lyre—
Reclaim the ogling-eye—
For but the fashion's fleeting desire—
Or a silvered hope the listening's still—
No smiles of love or mine!

Philadelphia, 1841.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

We Miss Thee.

BY E. J. PORTER.

We miss thee
In the first full gush of the morning hour,
When the sun has just tinged the rose flower,
With his fallen banner,
And the wind is in the forest bower,
The first shadow of night has sunk to its rest.
A dappled child to its dreams

We miss thee
When the sun its stillness has gone,
And hushed into rest is the hour,
And a thousand tones are mute
We miss the music of thy lute—
That hid with its melody heaven

As the sound of a fairy's lute.

We miss thee
At night when the hour hastened throng
Would find thee with dewdrops in your song
As those thy bosom fill
The smile from the freely breath has gone,
The cherished one has—and
And died on unreturning thrill

We miss thee
The bright like fall of the steps no more
Sounds not in the wave as the sideline shore
Of your mansion,
Thy voice is gone—thy form is no more
As a gone in the lingering spell
Of a spirit's melody

We miss thee
Thou hast risen to the land of the blest
But dreams of thee in our sleep will come
In the still hour of night,
And thou will visit us once again.
And we will greet you as you pass
May those wish an early flight

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Samuel.

For Lower Lady on being asked for a Pun.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

I could not darken with one ray of light
Not till thee love life's ocean water sing sad
Beneath a dark heaven and night to chase;
And make you wish, with a gentle sigh,
That you had never known me,
Where the mother's tenderness shone, through the star-trees
Of your mansion,
Or, when, when all around, save the babbling streams, is still,
When the breeze hath ceased to stir the leaves and the smoke ascends on the hill—
Will you sometimes steal away, love, from the world and me
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For ere I pass away from earth, and be seen and heard no more.

Arcadia Square, Chester Co. HAYES.

SPRING FASHIONS.

EVENING DRESSES.

The Latest Fashions.

We introduce now our fair readers, with two engraved figures of the latest and most admired London and Parisian Spring and Evening Dress. The sketches for these figures were furnished to us from London, and are on a subject of very deep publication interest. By the aid of the figures and descriptions any dress-maker can produce a similar costume.

Fig. 1. Is the dress of each blue satin; the skirt a dress trimmer, and perfectly plain, the body draped with two folds a la Victoria; the sleeves very short and trimmed to match. The head dress is a fancy cap of the form composed of a net-work of blue fancy silk.

Fig. 2. Is an under-dress of pale pink satin, trimmed with a splendid volant of rich white lace of Angleterre. An upper short dress of rich gros satin, looped up higher on one side than the other, with a scalloped trimming of the same satin, and prune the lay I mean
Let me say here I feel a want
No woman's love is mine.

It is the lighted halls I move,
Where music's notes are sweet
And smiles be radiantly with love
Beauty bounding meet,
Though gladsome smiles I too may win.
Write down the emptiness—
I feel the scorching brand is white—
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LOZENGES. Wholesale and Retail.

The subscriber would call the attention of the public to his preparations for the relief and cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Pulmonary Affections, Asthma, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and Consumption, which have been introduced into this city and extensively used with the most unbounded success. Many certificates of cures can be seen at the office, No. 146 Chestnut street, above Eighth, where they may be had gratis. Also, for sale, Dr. Swaim's Panacea, Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, Hoofland's German Bitters, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills, Dr. Jayne's Hair Tonic, Dr. Jayne's Hair Dye, Dr. Jayne's Tetter Ointment, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1842.

☞ Horatio N. Wakeman, Esq., well known in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware and New York, is duly authorized to receive subscribers to any of the publications issued from this office.

Publish the Impostor.

In the Saturday Evening Post for March 19th, 1842, will be found a tale, called "The Effect of a Single Puff," copied from the Lady's Cabinet, and professing to have been written by Alfred B. Kender. The tale in question, as we have since been informed, was in reality written by Miss Elizabeth Bogart, a lady of great prominence and literary merit, now residing in the city of New York. The article first appeared as a prize tale in The Mammoth for 1838, at that time under the editorial charge of Frederick S. Hill, Esq. The story was subsequently republished in the New York Mirror, and other literary journals, and had—we are assured by W. C. Bryant, Esq. and others—an unusual run through the newspapers of that day. We have received the same information from persons in Philadelphia, and the only reason we have for not denying the fraud outright is that at the time the story appeared, and for many years afterwards, we had neither leisure nor taste, and had not yet risen to be a reader of any thing above a school book.

The base use of the most impudent frauds we have ever had to record, and the name of the impostor should be proclaimed in the public journals without mercy. He sought for notoriety—let him have it! The attempt to rob Miss Bogart of her merited fame, argues a want of principle which should receive general condemnation. The act is a scandalous, a wanton outrage. But it is not passion so that Mr. Knight could not foresee that he would be found out. We give the brains of a fellow who has not even the wit to steal adroitly.

Is the editor of the Lady's Cabinet aware of this fraud? We look to him for an exposure of it. The circumstances were taken to scourge the offenders into a notion of what constitutes morality. In justice to Miss Bogart, we ask some of our brethren of New York to notice this imposture.

The Murder of Arndt.

Our readers have not forgotten the account we gave a few weeks since of the murder of Mr. Arndt, in the Council chamber of Wisconsin Territory, by a Frenchman named Francis B. Vergnet. The murder excited a thrill of horror which the atrocious deed awakened throughout the community, and the universal expression was that the murderer should be hanged for the quick punishment of the murderer. We now learn that the criminal has been released on bail; and every one who knows anything of affairs in that distant country knows that this is equivalent to the escape of the accused. Vergnet would, indeed, be a great fool to return to prison and trial, when he has the means in his hands to escape justice by the forfeiture of his bonds. The amount of bail was only $10,000. We have known higher sums demanded in cases of assault and battery. Why was not give ten thousand dollars, we are told, for the murder of Arndt—cool, and in the public eye, for murder and an aforethought death? Shame on the laws of Wisconsin if this is called justice.

We have not heard the trial of Vergnet. In what method did they learn their law? The veriest tyro of a student could tell them that in this instance they have proved themselves fools. Vergnet, by the law, is dead—he is a crime expressly excepted from the benefit of bail. It is only in extreme cases that the power was given to the Judge to admit to bail for capital crimes. And in fact bail—to bail persons accused of murder. But this power is to be exercised with discretion. It was intended to be used only in cases of strained hardship, and where justice would be wronged if the strict letter of the law were taken as the rule. But in the case of Vergnet, his own, it has been incorporated into our criminal jurisprudence. No courts, but the highest in each State, have power to admit to bail persons charged with murder. The question whether the powers of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin Territory are sufficiently extensive to bail a prisoner accused of the foul and deliberate murder of a public officer, is one which appeals to the highest sense of every man. The vanity of form and purpose. Starts of ringmail, and corslets of bright plate, and casques embossed with gold, circular shields of celestial fashion, Damascus swords, and Spanish blades, and rare Italian daggers, all glittering with gems and flashing in the morning sun. The floor was carpeted with velvet, and a divan of the same rich material, corded and laced with gold, ran round the walls of the apartment, while on a counter below was spread a sumptuous collation, with many flagons of rich wine, and tall venetian glasses, among rich meats and fruits, and the fair flowers of the late southern clime. There were no tenants to this splendid hall, but from a door that faced the staircase, which had been partially left open, there came the mingled sounds of more than one sweet low toned female voice, and once or twice a long and thrilling laugh, that seemed to speak of a creature and happy. These sounds were followed, just as the Rover had his presence not announced to the ear, by a soft toned female voice of a girl singing. Her exercise was admirable—her tones thrilled to the very heart like liquid fire—and her song was of love, and passion, and pastoral voluptuous, that if could have flowed from no modest lips, and should have been listened to by no modest ears. Paused to the end. Teresa faltered, and stood still—but Ringwood with a strong pressure of her arm, and a warm whisper of his deep penetrating voice saying,

"Beware! I say, beware, Teresa" half led, half bore her onward to the door whence those tones hailed sounds. He threw it open, and the sight she saw, struck that unhappy girl—more than the most dreadful of the scenes she had already witnessed—with agony and terror and despair.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Great Fire in New York.

On Thursday week, New York was visited with one of the most disastrous conflagrations that has occurred on that city for a long time. The fire broke out about half past 10 o'clock, in the attic story of the large wright's shop, owned by Mr. Reynolds, corner of Delancey and Chrystie streets, and directly opposite the Second Congregational Church, which was saved with considerable difficulty. The wind being very high from the south-east, the fire in less than an hour spread over the whole block, bounded by Delancey, Christie, Broome and Forsyth streets, except the large brick dwellings on Broome street, from No. 310 to 324, which by great exertions was preserved—though all east of them, buildings, and the dwellings in the rear, were consumed. When the fire reached Forsyth street it was urged with great progress and could be stayed, but it swept almost instantly across Forsyth street, burned the dwellings and other houses between that and Eldridge street, and there met other fire which down to Broome. With great exertions the flames were here arrested.

There were also a great number of small tenements destroyed, situated in the rear of the different houses, communicating with the main streets by narrow alleys, and inhabited by the poorest families, consequently of little value.

At least one hundred houses were destroyed, and nearly two thousand persons deprived of shelter. There is little doubt, but that three young children perished in the flames.

The mother, to secure her own safety, was obliged to leave them to their fate.

The loss is estimated at $119,000.

While the above raged last night, another broke out in the rear of No. 154 Pearl street, in a bakery, and owing to the absence of all the engines at the fire up town, the rise of five buildings were in flames before any thing could be done towards checking it. The fire soon spread through to Ferry street on one side and Dover on the other, destroying some thirty buildings of all kinds. The rear of No. 154 to 150 on Pearl street were much damaged together with the rear of No. 3 Ferry street, and the buildings adjoining; indeed the grocery store, corner of Elm and Anthony was about the only one of the block unstarred. The building were old and dilapidated, and scorched chiefly by Irish families.

By these two great fires now three hundred families are left of great people, have been turned out of doors, most of them with the destruction, or great damage to their furniture and property.

The upper parts of the city were in a high state of alarm, but no high was the wind that thousands of persons in the lower wards never knew there was a fire.

Uncle's Counsel.

That country which, next to Italy's, is the most interesting one to the wider species, can now be seen by the aid of a telescope. It is approaching the earth with the enormous velocity of two millions of miles per day. It is supposed by astronomers to consist of a light nebulous matter, and if, as is not impossible, it come in contact age, it should come in contact with the earth, it can produce no effect upon us, except perhaps to modify the atmosphere. Millions of years, however, will elapse before such a collision.

Bribery Disclosures.

Attempt to bribe the Members of the Legislature of Pennsylvania—Executive Clemency held out for the purpose—Members bring Bundy to justice—His disappearance—Revocation of the Governor's Proclamation—Bundy arrested.

A most atrocious scheme to bribe the members of the Legislature has just been disclosed at Harrisburg. The proof so far rests chiefly on the testimony of Mr. Geo Bundy, a citizen of this city, who swore to have been a party to between among the parties. Those who have made a practice of speculating in legislative votes are already acquainted with the incipient stages of this affair; but as few of our subscribers out of the State are presumed to read the Harrisburg papers, we shall recapitulate the principal events of this transaction.

A short time since it began to be understood that Mr. Geo. Handy, one of a committee of the U. S. Bank and other banks to procure the legislation of the suspension in 1840, had been active in bribing various members of the Legislature. The papers of the Bank of the United States show that large sums had been paid to Mr. Handy, and were acknowledged by signing vouchers of the bank. The stockholders of the bank commenced an action against Handy to recover the $123,000 thus acknowledged. Meantime, suspicions of bribery having been awakened, a committee of investigation from the Legislature was sent to Philadelphia. This committee consisted of Messrs. Barnett, Brown, and others. Mr. Geo. Handy refused, however, to testify. On the return of the committee to Harrisburg, the Speaker of the House (Mr. Fleming) was requested to bring Handy before him. He was so ordered by the Speaker to testify, handing to the Speaker the following letter in explanation.

PHILADELPHIA, March 28, 1842.

I most respectfully beg leave to decline taking the oath tendered me by the committee.

That counsel proceedings have been instituted against me by the U. S. Bank, and that the matters to be investigated before them, among others, Mr. Geo. Handy, one of the committee of the U. S. Bank and other banks to procure the legislation of the suspension in 1840, had been active in bribing various members of the Legislature. The papers of the Bank of the U. States show that large sums had been paid to Mr. Handy, and were acknowledged by signing vouchers of the bank. The stockholders of the bank commenced an action against Handy to recover the $123,000 thus acknowledged. Meantime, suspicions of bribery having been awakened, a committee of investigation from the Legislature was sent to Philadelphia. This committee consisted of Messrs. Barnett, Brown, and others. Mr. Geo. Handy refused, however, to testify. On the return of the committee to Harrisburg, the Speaker of the House (Mr. Fleming) was requested to bring Handy before him. He was so ordered by the Speaker to testify, handing to the Speaker the following letter in explanation.

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Bank Note List.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS.

No. 56 South Third Street, Philadelphia, April 30th, 1842.

		NEW YORK.	
PENNSYLVANIA.		Mechanics' Bank,	par
Mechanics' Bk.	par	North River Bank,	par
Mech. and Manf. bk.	25 dis	Phenix Bank,	1 dis
Mechanics' bank	25 dis	Commercial Bank of Co.	1 dis
Penn Township bank	40 dis	Globe Bank,	do
U. S. Bank notes,	5 dis	Mechanics and Farmers' bk.	1 dis
United do.	40 dis	Country banks,	do
Girard do.	40 dis	Commercial Bank, Canada	1 dis
Commercial do.	1 dis	Gas Company,	do
Delaware co. of Chester,	par	Middle Districts,	do
Chesters co. & Wilmington,	par	Pittsburgh, Norfolk,	do
Montgomery county,	par	Wash. and Warren,	do
Farmers' Bk. Reading,	par	Lancaster,	do
Farmers bk. Reading,	1 dis	Wayne County bank,	do
Easton,	par	Merchants & Planters,	do
Northampton,	20 dis	Delaware Co. bank,	Guard
Lancaster bank,	par	Exchange bk. Pittsburgh,	do
Farmers bk. Lancaster,	1 dis	Pottsville Mining Co.	do
Erie,	10 dis	Farmers bk.	do
Johnstown,	10 dis	MARYLAND.	
Middletown,	5 dis	Baltimore banks,	1 dis
Carlisle,	5 dis	Delaware banks,	1 dis
Harrisburg bank,	5 dis	Mineral bank,	50 dis
Northumberland,	5 dis	Cumberland & Rv's. bank,	50 dis
Miners bk. at Potts.	10 dis	Frederic bank,	do
Wm's. bk. Harrisburg,	5 dis	Hagerstown,	do
Penn. General notes,	5 dis	Westminster,	do
Do. Post notes,	5 dis	Williamsport,	10 dis
Towanda,	5 dis	Cumberland,	10 dis
Towanda,	5 dis	Easton,	10 dis
Lewisburg,	5 dis	Franklin bank,	do
Middleburg,	5 dis	Susquehanna,	do
Wyoming bank, notes,	25 dis	Hagerstown,	do
Do. post notes,	25 dis	Frederick County bk.	10 dis
Brownsville bank,	20 dis	Commercial & Farmers' bk.	do
Do. do.	25 dis	Balt. & Ohio R.R. notes	do
Erie, demand notes,	20 dis	NEW JERSEY.	
Do.	25 dis	Mechanics' and Manufac.	par
Berks county bank,	60 dis	Farmers' bk. Burlington,	5 dis
Farmers' bk.	60 dis	Farmers' bk. Mount Holly,	5 dis
Drawing by Bartlett,	10 dis	Trenton bank,	do
Lancaster,	10 dis	Farmers' bk. Trenton,	do
Lumber's bk. Warren,	20 sale	Mount Holly,	par
Farmers' bk. Bucks co.	1 dis	Farmers' bk. Flemington,	par
Bucks county bk.	10 dis	Newark City Bank,	par
Bank of Northumberland,	10 dis	Camden bank,	par
Susquehanna,	5 dis	New plank,	par
Farmers & Mechanics,	2 dis	All other banks,	1 dis
Allentown,	5 dis	Farmers and Mechanics'	par
Bank of Chester,	5 dis	Bank of New Brunswick,	par
Mechanics bank,	no sale	Washington banking Co.	do
Franklin bank,	no sale	Trenton,	do
DELAWARE.		Jersey City bank,	do
Bk. of Chesapeake,	10 dis	Do. do.	do
Bk. of Delaware,	10 dis	N. J. Manufacturing Co.	do
Valley bk. & Susq. bk.	10 dis	Protection and Lombard Co.	do
Bk. of Wilmington,	10 dis	Salem & Phil. Man. Co.	do
Wilming. & Brandy.	10 dis	Camden & Amboy R.R.	do
Wilming. post notes,	10 dis	Bank of New Brunswick,	par
OHIO.		Mechanics bk. Paterson,	do
Bank notes generally,	no sale	DELAWARE.	
ILLINOIS.		Bank of Delaware,	par
Bank of Illinois,	50 dis	Bank of Wilmington,	par
State bank,	to sale	Farmer's bk. Delaware,	par
KENTUCKY		Bank of Smyrna,	par
Notes,	20 dis	Bank of Dover,	par
INDIANA			
Notes,	20 dis		
Exchange on New York,			1 dis
Boston,			¼ dis
Baltimore,			¼ dis
Sterling,			par
Country Relief Notes,			20 dis

The Money Market.

The money market has been tighter this week than perhaps at any former period. "A long time," says Richard's Register, "a good sufficient time" has elapsed since we have known money to be so scarce. In some instances as high a rate has been given as 3 per cent a month, while the usual rate could be obtained on first rate paper, at less than 2 per cent. This scarcity, we are glad to say, is not general, but only in place, by the resumption of specie payments, which has rendered the Banks very cautious as to discounts, and in the vicinity of the large cities, where the Banks have had out of circulation to the exploded banks. Thus, before the resumption, the notes of the Banks of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island, were at a heavy discount. As fast, however, as they have been made use of as circulation, and passed from hand to hand in Currency. But they are now in a short space of time, all paid for, and they are therefore available only as merchandize, and are bought and sold by the brokers merely as a matter of speculation, and not to be used as money. This is owing to the account which has been withdrawn for circulation on the way a large proportion of the deposits on hand make at the time of their suspension, very also be regarded as withdrawn, for these deposits are payable now on depreciated paper, and the Banks could not afford to issue as fast as they receive the exploded banks allowed to be, by sale to the brokers. We may state another fact which exists, but does not affect the money market. It is, that many of the notes of the country banks, which before resumption passed readily, are regarded with more interest since they have resumed, as banks have not resumed, or if they have resumed, they have made no increase in the redemption of their paper in specie in this city. The conduct of the Banks in not specie for the redemption of their notes, is a serious one, contracting our Money Market, and we cannot therefore express much surprise at the present scarcity. Robert M. Lewis, John S. Richards, and Joseph Trotter, George Plitcher, Robert M. Lewis, John S. Richards, and Joseph Trotter, George Plitcher, Revolutionary Soldiers also have died within the past week, and we believe there is no other to procure evidence to establish their claims. The issues and the discounts have not, thus far, been any thing like adequate to the wishes of the community, as regarded as a hearty remedy for payments, and hundreds of our merchants and business men, in order to make satisfactory settlements, have been compelled to that may be coming due, hand their names for a time, refuse to assist each other with the freedom which is common in prosperous times, and thus, as a matter of preservation, add to the very panic which they so earnestly deprecate. So far, the resumption is fully successful in this city. Our banks have the confidence of specie funds equal to any demand that is likely to be made upon them. But only on condition that the necessity and duty of prudence, for should New York exchange turn against us, and a panic take the place of the present confidence, we shudder to think of the result as to rapidly to the Commercial Emporium, as it has for the last fortnight been passing from that point to Philadelphia.

One of the most deplorable features of the times is the shocking depreciation of the notes of the Suspended Banks. We have been told to hail it as a blessing, and in various ways. First, the stockholders of the United States Bank cut off $25,000,000, then the same holders cut off 50 per cent, then the stockholders of the Girard, Pennsylvania, Penn Township, and other suspended Banks did the same, after the payment of specie to redeem their notes, and so on, until we seem by the table inserted below, are at a depreciation of from 20 to 40 per cent. Facts like these, and the number of several weeks, the notes of these Banks, as will be seen

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

The Pauper's Drive.

There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot;
To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot.
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs
And hark to the dogs that the old driver sings:

"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

Oh, where are the mourners? alas! there are none.
He has had not a pray in the world now he's gone;
Not a tear, not a sigh! child, woman, or man
To the grave with his carcass as fast to you can

"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

They'll not pubby and creaking, and spanking and din!
The whip, hoy, crackn' and the wheels how like spin!
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurl'd!
The pauper in length makes a mirror in the world!

"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretch'd in a coach!
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast.

"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

You lumpkins! who stare at your brother cross'd,
Behold what respect to a shadow is paid,
And be grateful to Him, whose breath you've had low
You've a chance to the green glade like a gramuse to go.

"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

But a truce to this strain; for my soul is in end
To think that a heart, so leisurely cold,
Should make, like the beaten, such a desolate end.
And deeder than the light which was burning therein
"Bear softly his bones over the stones;
Through a pauper, he's worse with his Maker yet crass!
Nat's Rhymes and Recollections.

A Sound Decision.

In some remarks made by the Rev. Mr. Grimshaw, before a religious society in London, we find the following anecdote:

"It has been very much the fashion to abuse Mohemet Ali; but, after all, to his justice, he is a man of no ordinary stamp, and energy, and fifty or one hundred years in advance of his own nation. I remember an anecdote which shows his liberality in a very striking manner. Not little time before, there was a man who had been sent over to learn the engineering trade at Glasgow. He was a Mahometan, and, during his stay in Scotland, he had been induced to embrace Christianity. By the Mahometan law, apostasy from their religion is visited with the penalty of death. His enemies conspired his destruction, and accused him before Mehemet Ali. A day was appointed for hearing the case, and the facts were gone into. At length Mehemet Ali came to order to deliver judgments, and said: 'The facts, as it appears to me, have all of them been established. It is very clear this young man has abandoned the faith of the Prophet, and embraced that of Christ. But before I proceed further, young man, do you allow me to ask you why you have forsaken your own and embraced the Christian religion?' The young man made an answer which did honor to his integrity and moral courage, and showed that he had come in bold as a lion, and that he who feels the value of the principles he has embraced will never be ashamed to avow them, but will make confession of them before kings and princes, and not be afraid. 'I embraced Christianity,' he replied, 'because I believed it to be true. May I ask, said Mehemet Ali, whether you have been influenced in your decision by any selfish motive or consideration whatever?' The young man replied he had not. Mehemet Ali then addressing himself to his accusers, said: 'You have heard the facts; I have this young man to transgress anything. Is any other motive useful now to my deck-yard, and is it known — no, sir! I do not. He turned away from the faith of his forefathers, and has embraced Christianity, not from selfish motives, but because he believes it to be true. I have that part of the subject; it does not affect me in the position to inquire whether it is or not so. The matter lies between God and the young man's soul. I have no control over it. Young man, you are acquitted: you may depart in peace.'"

YANKEE DOODLE.—It is said that long before the Revolution, this tune was a favorite New England jig. It may have been the case with it, as well. I cannot date the now, to sing it with various impromptu verses, such as—

Lodin Lecher lost her pocket,
Lydia Fisher found it;
Not a bit of money in it,
Only hanking round it.

Perhaps others may be something in that, but for my money these sage the "gods and boys" of Mamachusetts, a little different, and runs thus:

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
There was nothing in it,
And found it in an hour.

A JAY TALE IDEA OF A LOCOMOTIVE.—"Why Matt the thing," says he, "there's nothing slop about steam boats, or nearly about it. Watch a ship now, with her canvas bellying out, bracing about to it pretty strongly to shove the forte the bowing, and keeping from her bows, and lifting her head over the seas as if she struggled to run; there's something like life there. There's something noble about a horse; he steps as if he knew he was going, and proud of his duty, and also to do it. But that lubber—look! that steam engine comes snorting, smoking along—crawling on his belly, like a floundering lame snake with a pipe in his mouth."

ROMANCE IN REALITY.—If you wish to insert a woman who will sit all day with holes in her stockings and talk to you about her neighbors she would be the very one for your comfort and convenience—who will not pity tailing and sweating, day and night, for the support of your family, but never touch a finger to assist you, while she addresses you in pointed remarks and rails you the unkindest and hairiest—whose heart is overbearing with love, while your shirts need washing and you can never get a meal cooked to your mind—if you would select such a one, go and marry a romantic maiden who reads Balmer and sighs to the moon.

ROMANCE YET.—Thought, so, thought!" exclaimed a would-be poet, "are the dense wings that bear me up into the warmth hereto to enter the heart of man, and the flow of soul, while thus you confined, and, closest and closest, to be one of speaking to you, you never had a thought in all your life."

"Yes! I have one now."

"What is it?"

"That you are a fool."

HOW GIS FERRI.—Doctor Pequeh, a staunch temperance man, having accidentally swallowed a roaring bumper of rum the other day, he was asked how he felt after it. "How did I feel?" said he. "Why, I felt as if I were sitting on the roof of our cutting house, and every shingle was a preacher."

REMEMBER THE POOR.—Many spend so much time in counting how to get money rare, that they never get it at all. The will make confession of them will be well followed. What you do, do well, and if anyone don't like you, then blame fortune—others are blame yourself.

CAUSE OF SORROW.—"Oh! my dear Mrs. Bellows, what sorry you lost your teeth, your are forever talking?" asked an anxious husband of his silent spouse.

"Because my dear, there is so much room in my mouth, my tongue can't keep still!"

YERRY LAUGH.—It is said that any man is a gentleman who can walk by a brisk wind without being a great out of it; so any woman is a lady who can converse without actually cutting herself in two in the middle.

A RIDDLE.—A Frenchman, wishing to speak of the cotton of the English poets, forgot the word and said "de feather of poets." I may said that he had fairly chastised up for English poetry.

THE BARNS OF BARTON.—There is a man in Bath, Jas. N. J., so tall that tinmen has sounded all the base of his head, and he is obliged to climb up a ladder to put on his wig.

A TALL GIRL.—The editor of the Watsonville Times has ventured to assert that there is a girl so tall in Yuba county, that she has to stand down to look over the Green Mountains.

CHOCOLATE NECESSITIES.—We heard of a passenger lately on board one sailed in his prudence Condensed Chocolate for that "sea sickness" necessity has no law.

TALL MEN.—There is a man in Kentucky so tall, that if he takes him half an hour to sleep last enough to wake his descendants.

A LIKE SEASON.—We shall have a dry season," as the leader said when the fifteen gallon lost was passed.

FAT EDITORS.—There is a man in Illinois so fat, that he has seen another of his feet for twenty years.

A SERIOUS NAME.—Tibertius says that the most cruel name in this country is Conviction.

WELLBORNE.—Go fishing to-day," as the egg said to the man goes to another.

BAD COMPANY.—Fire, mosquitoes, and bedbugs.

The Two Admirals.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.

EXTRACT FROM COOPER'S NEW NOVEL TO BE PUBLISHED BY LEA & BLANCHARD.

——— How fearful
And dusty Yet, to cause one's eyes to leer!
The coarse, and choughs, that ring the midway air.
Show scarce as gross as beetles: Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade.
KING LEAR.

The digression on the family of Wychecombe has led us far from the signal-station, and the events taking with which the tale opened. The little dwelling connected with the station stood at a short distance from the staff, sheltered, by the formation of the cliffs, from the bleak winds of the channel, and lastly embowered in shrubs and flowers. It was a humble cottage, that had been ornamented with taste rather than we intend in England at that day. Its whitewash walls, thatched roof, pickaxed gardens, and trellised porch, bespoke ease, and a natural improvement in the inmates, that were scarcely to be expected in persons so humbly employed as the keeper of the signal-staff, and his family. All were the house, too, was in the same excellent condition: for while the lieutenant dwelt her in common, the portion of it was reclaimed to use in time of need, while Dutton, must be clinging to the side of the precipice, and that too, above the swell of the rocks."

Dutton shrewd an eager desire to comply, but his nerves had not yet been exited by the usual potations, and his hands shook in a way to render it questionable whether he could perform even this simple service. But for his daughter, indeed, he would hardly have set about it; and even then, he would have failed, but for the help of Isabella, procured the old line, and handed it to her father, who discovered some of his professional knowledge in the manner of passing it. Indeed, Dutton, of course, he threw the light over Wychecombe's shoulders, and he held Mildred, carefully suspended from the edge of the stone wall, and from being rushed down upon the rocks beneath.

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Dutton was waiting at that early hour to ascertain as the end of mist was passed from the face of the sea, and to look out for the signals that announced the first expectation of any of his simple functions. That some one was near by, on the headland, too, was quite evident from the occasional interjections of a dog, though no person but himself was visible. The direction of the sounds was sufficient to indicate that it was very near the brow of the cliff, perhaps a hundred feet removed from the spot occupied by the master.

"Be quiet—be quiet—mastife, Mr. Wychecombe," called out Dutton, in a warning voice, "some bad fellow may be there, and the object of the dog will be to look places: and really it does seem a little unnatural for a seafaring person like yourself, should have so great a love for flowers, as to risk his neck in order to make a pose?"

"Never fear for me, Mr. Dutton," answered a full, manly voice, that seemed to come from above the edge of rock: "never fear for me, we sailors are used to hanging in the air."

A cry, wild, and of more than common sense to hasty one by, young gentleman. Now His Majesty's Government has not made you an officer, there is a sort of obligation to take care of your person, that it should be used, and of used, given away in no service."

"Spare your—your—your fear, Mr. Dutton—as true I was, for you think it necessary to remind me of it. I am very grateful to His Majesty's government, and—"

While speaking the name stopped to descend, getting at each instant free and less distinct, until, in the end, it became quite considerable. Dutton looked nearer, he at that instant a man was bend, and that it was quite there was no time to lose, for he knew the tide was fast coming in, and that the narrow belt the want of sand never, and experienced the sense of humiliation which accompanied the consciousness of having destroyed them by his errors. He involuntarily drew back, and for the moment, was actually unable to rise. A light step at his side, however, drew a glance in that direction and he fell on the form of a lovely girl of nineteen, his own daughter, Mildred.

"I heard you calling to some one, father," said the latter, looking wistfully but cheerfully at her parent, as if wondering at his yielding to his infirmity so early in the day. "even I feel of service to you."

"Poor Wychecombe!" continued Dutton: "He must even the cliff in search of a manager to offer to your help—and—and—but—where is he?"

"Who, father?" demanded Mildred, in a voice of horror, the rich color disappearing from a face which it of the hue of death. "Not—not—he cannot have fallen."

Dutton bent his head down, drew a long breath, and his manner became more composed than before. He was about to rise, when the sound of a horse's feet was heard, and there Sir Wetherly Wychecombe, mounted on a quiet pony, rode slowly to the edge of the cliff. He was about to rise, when the sound of a horse's feet was heard, and there Sir Wetherly Wychecombe, mounted on a quiet pony, rode slowly to the edge of the cliff. It was a common thing for the baronet to appear on the cliff early in the morning, but it was not usual for him to come unattended. The instant her eyes fell on the four form of the venerable old man, Mildred, who seemed to know by instinct, that he was the husband of one confident of being a favorite, exclaimed—

"Oh! Sir Wetherly, how fortunate—whose is Isabella?"

"Good morrow, my pretty Milly," answered the aged, cheerfully; "fortunate is not, here I am, and not a battered limb your first question should be for the owner, instead of his master. I have sent Dirk on a message to the vicar's. Now my poor brother, the Admiral, is dead, and I shall Mr. Rotherham more at once necessary to me."

"Dead! dead Sir Wetherly—Mr. Wychecombe—Lieutenant Wychecombe, I mean—the young officer from Virginia—he who was so desperately wounded—he whose memory we all love—he is dead, too, sir?"

"Well—what of him, child?—pon surely do not mean to put him on a level with Mr. Rotherham, in the way of obligation and regard. Mr. Rotherham is a man in consequence between the Wychecombes of Virginia and my family. He may be a fellow mother of the Wychecombes of Wychecombe-Regis, but he has no connection with those of Wychecombe-Hall, child."

"There—there—the cliff—the cliff!" added Mildred, unable, for the moment, to be more explicit.

"The cliff appears to be the only thing you do know, child, and looked the very image of horror, the good-hearted old baronet began to put some glimpses of the truth, and to mount his pony with a view to ride to the spot where the danger existed. Dutton, however, was before him, and, with a presence of mind that was not always his own, he had already taken the precaution to lead the animal from the path, and to secure him to a bush, before Sir Wetherly was aware of his intention. He then, however, he was not always disposed to be governed by forces, usually enough under the influence of his own humor, and he was about to remount, when Dutton, who